

or conception. Some persons, perhaps, will not think themselves to be much beholden to me for the compliment; but yet I verily believe, that there are such parrots to be met with in many a fine library in England. I hope, however, that all my little readers, when they take a book into their hands, will be resolved to understand it as they go along; and if they should happen to meet with a word or a sentence which they cannot tell the meaning of, it will be much better for them to consult their papas or mamas, or some other person who can assist them, than to continue dunces as long as they live.

The last curiosity you will find in the library, is an odd picture over the doorway as you are going out. It represents a tall, meagre, lanthorn-jawed, hollow-eyed, raw-boned fellow, who has his mouth as full of victuals as he can cram it, and the greatest plenty of all manner of provisions around him; some lying upon the tables, some upon the chairs, and

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a large quantity upon the ground. In short, he is almost buried in victuals, and really looks as if he would devour the whole castle. But this greedy and voracious wretch, though he eats so much, cannot, for the life of him, grow a single ounce the fatter, but, after all, appears as lean and as ill-favoured as if he had not tasted a morsel for a whole fortnight together. Nor is it a wonder, for he swallows so much, that he cannot possibly digest it; whereas, if he were to feed moderately, and take a little time, what he eats would then be of service to him. This, the Librarian will inform you, is an emblem of what he calls a *Book-glutton*; that is, a person who reads every thing, remembers nothing; or one who measures his learning, not by the knowledge he hath acquired, but by the number of books he hath gone through. Take care, then, when you begin with one author, not to meddle with another, before you are completely master of the first. With this proviso, you may, and, indeed, I would